Exacerbated

impassioned **love**

sarcastic irate

resentful

JADED

cynical

Beloved

BAFFLED *fatigued*

BITTER *disgruntled*

unyielding

ecstatic SOLITUDE

ashamed

MORBID

disenchanted

PERPLEXED

haggard

ROBUST BLISS

RESENTFUL

envious

chipper

OVERSIZE
PN
6110
.C7
P5
SPRING
2007

ENNUI **compassion**

PHOENIX LITERARY AND ARTS MAGAZINE

SPRING 2007

Phoenix

Literary and Arts Magazxine
Volume 32

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Dear Readers,

Envy, anger, and love are emotions that everyone has felt or will feel at some point in their lives. Throughout this publication, we are given insight to the feelings of our readers which demonstrates their ingenuity and dexterity. Working on this publication has been an extreme pleasure. With this magazine we are giving the readers and those within the community of The College of New Rochelle a glimpse into the talent that flows through it. I am amazed and thankful to be a part of this publication. It was no easy task gathering the works and finding a flattering place for them, but with Melanie's expertise of art, and the guidance of Estella, coupled with the remarkable work of our students, it has become a publication that has deeply touched me.

Makedah Salmon
Co - Editor

Model Drawing **Amanda Baum**

Untitled **Karyn Mooney**

Somtimes he enters and exits his soul
He's not to blame Lord
for he's lost the control
But now he's too old
The clay has become too hard to mold
Can you ever forgive him
For what he should have been told

Now it's all in the past
how long will this last?
first he needs to be free
But only he can believe
Lord, He longs to conceive
But personally, he first must achieve
In order to be a Father to somebody

Sigh.

I never thought that our differences in the food we consume would nearly be the end of us.

I'm Taylor, your average undergraduate junior. I'm studying to become a lawyer, to go to med school and all that good stuff. I've had my share of puppy love throughout my younger years—until I met this girl. Everything about her was perfect.

Her name is Allyson. She, too, is a junior, but we're studying completely different things. She wants to be a writer when she graduates, so she is in a slew of English classes. Her talent is amazing, and I often can't help but wonder if this was some sort of extraterrestrial kind of gift.

I remember when I first met her. We both were taking an elective class in our sophomore year when her pencil totally flew out of her hand. Nearly poked my eye out too, but I retrieved it for her gracefully—it never hit the floor, I caught it with ease.

"Here you go," I mumbled, not wanting to disrupt the professor's lecture.

"Thanks," she replied softly and flashed a smile that nearly turned me upside-down. I felt faint in that instant when her features suddenly came to light. Her bright wavy-red hair and clear yet smoky-gray eyes were stuck in my mind for the rest of that week. Her otherwise immaculate face was adorned with childish freckles, and her voice was smooth. She was absolutely gorgeous.

However, I knew well not to just fall for a pretty face, from past experiences. I just could not help but wonder why I never noticed her before until then. The following week, she asked for my name. Needless to say, I was quite surprised, but I answered her.

"Taylor," I told her. She did that blasted smile again.

"Taylor, huh? Well, I'm Allyson, with a 'y.' Please don't ask why my parents decided to name me that." She giggled, and I couldn't help but break a smile of my own. She was adorable. "What are you studying?"

"Law and psychology."

"Interesting. I'm an English major. I want to become a novelist, because, well, I love to write!"

"Cool. Have you any samples of your work? I love to read as much as you love to write."

She smiled again. I couldn't take it anymore. We exchanged phone numbers and screen names—and talked for hours at a time daily when we decided to have lunch together during one of our free times a week later.

Our scheduled meet came up, and I was craving a good, hearty cheeseburger that day. I was practically starving because I hadn't eaten since morning, studying for the exam we just took.

Little did I know, that the following words about to escape my mouth in an attempt for chivalry were going to leave a dent:

"Wanna go get a cheeseburger together?"

"Eh..." her face suddenly fell. "I'm sorry, I don't eat that stuff. I'll still go to lunch with you, though."

"Oh." I suddenly became very uncomfortable. A lot of things hit me at once at a brick's weight, and I couldn't help but think about how to gauge my predicament. We talked about practically everything under the sun except for her eating habits. I can only imagine the things that could possibly go through her mind as I would potentially sink my teeth into a delicious burger. I did not want to stereotype, but judging by the sudden expression on her face when I said 'cheeseburger', she must be thinking what a gross human being.

I sighed. How would I make this work, then? If I acted nonchalant about it, she would think I'm disregarding her feelings completely. If I brought it up to her, with my argumentative nature, we might not ever speak again. The last thing I wanted to do was to let her eating habits determine her beautiful personality. It drove me nuts. I did not want to see 'vegetarian' plastered across her forehead. I liked her... for her.

If I could kick my own mind for over-analyzing things, I would.

I ended up ordering the cheeseburger. She didn't seem phased too much by it, much to my surprise. This was alleviating in a sense, but who is to say she was not one of those types of people who could hide their feelings well? I knew the aroma of the beef on my burger was reaching her nose, and I was deathly curious.

"Have you...been eating this way all of your life?"

"No."

"Why do you do it? I think it's a bit arbitrary to suddenly change your diet—"

Her face met mine with that of an annoyed expression. "I have my reasons. I prefer not to eat the carcasses of animals bred solely for human consumption. It's a bit sickening, at least I know so."

Harsh. I looked at my half eaten burger and for a split-second, imagined its source.

"Just because you stop eating meat doesn't mean the treatment of animals is gonna get any 'nicer,'" I stated a matter-of-factly, as I bravely took a bite of my burger. "I wonder why you don't say the same things for the plants, as living things."

"So, what you're saying is that my basis is unreasonable?"

"No, of course not, I—"

"Ignorance really is bliss, huh?"

"When you put it that way, though…"

"I find it funny that you study the law of human society when you can't even realize the injustice that happens to the rest of the inhabitants of the world," she looked at me with a hardened face and crossed her arms. I was at a loss. How the heck was I supposed to respond to that? I already made my point. I wasn't trying to tell her that her decision was dense; just what I thought of it…I never understood it, so I inquired. Was that so wrong of me? Or was I too rash about it? Was I really that ignorant?

"Um…I don't know what to say."

"Like anyone ever does," she sighed with an exasperated tone. "Well, anyway, I'm gonna go. See ya 'round." She left her half-eaten unappetizing meat-less meal.

I began to wonder, then. Do any of her friends eat meat? Was I the only one?

The next week, she was out with a bad cold. Feeling liberated almost, I decided to get a regular ham and cheese sandwich with the works for lunch. Unfortunately for me, I began to over-analyze the origins of the layers of my lunch. "Ham…comes from a pig. Cheese…comes from the milk of a cow. Mayonnaise… comes from the eggs of a chicken—damn it." My head met the table of the cafeteria and got a few strange looks. As appetizing as it looked, I couldn't help but think of her. I lost my appetite and nearly starved for the rest of the day.

The harder I tried to not let it bug me, the worse it got.

I wanted to make her comfortable. But there was no possible way I could just suddenly exclude things from my diet that I had gotten so accustomed to. They say people do the craziest things for love, but when my well-being's at stake, it's a little hard. It was not as if she asked me to change me diet either—I'm grateful for that. I just don't want it to be an issue roaming around her mind every time we sit down to do the inevitable—eat together. I found myself doing research on vegetarianism, and it still did not appeal to me. I understood her reasoning, but…

It all boiled down to one thing. Why did something as simple as what we eat have to force us apart like that? Did it really mean that much to her? Was I lettering her vegetarianism define her being or was she doing that to herself? I was confused.

As a potential lawyer, I made it my philosophy to never judge an individual by one sole aspect of their lifestyle and being. I had the most neutral of attitudes toward society. She disrupted it. Despite the fact that she was otherwise 'normal', she pegged me hard for my inquiries. I wonder why I even bothered asking.

I didn't expect tomorrow to go as it did. Note to self: never expect anything from her.

"Hi, Taylor."

"Hey, Allyson," I replied wearily and cautiously, surprised that she recovered so fast. I could see the tiredness etched into her face, but she was as radiant as ever. She greeted me with the bubbliest of smiles. My heart melted at her genuine sincerity. She didn't hate me, like I assumed she did.

"Um...about the other day," I started, fidgeting for words. I'm never at a loss for words. I'm a to-the-point kind of guy, so I was surprised at my own dumbfoundedness. I thought I could easily and readily adapt to different situations, but with this girl—

"Don't worry about it. I hope I didn't come off angry." She started, and took my hand. I was bewildered.

"Wait, so..."

"Don't worry about it," she stressed. "If you think I'm gonna let the fact that you eat meat determine your integrity, you must be silly."

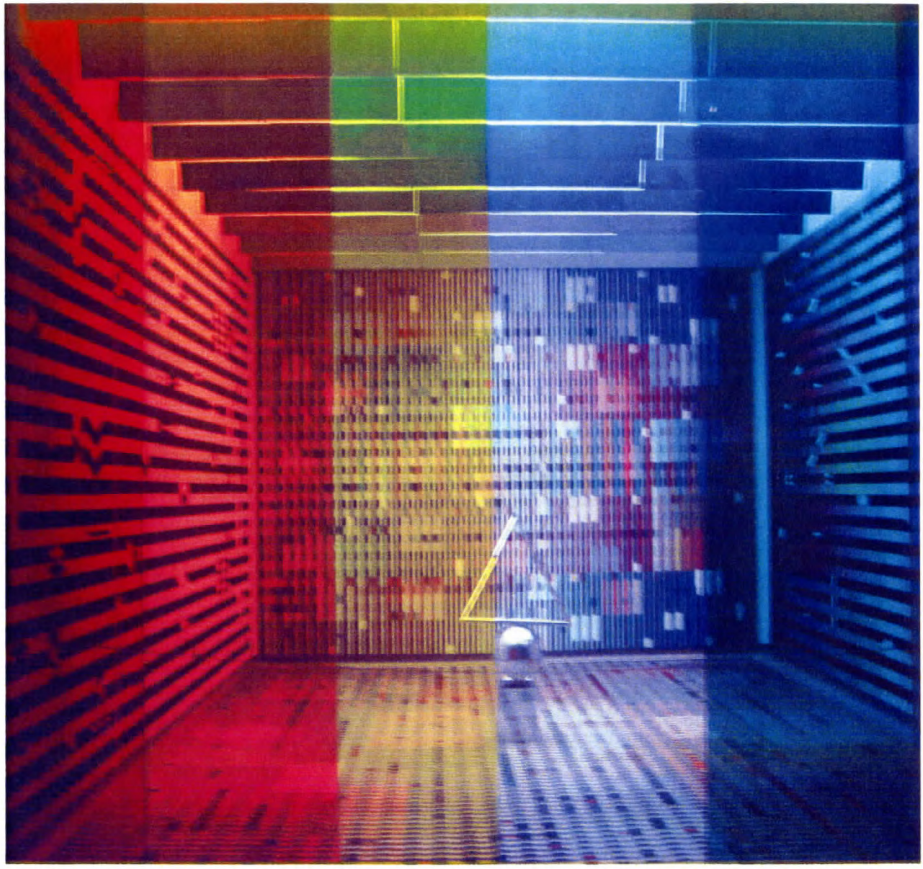
"But—"

"You think too much. That's your problem. Just go with the flow."

Why doesn't she let me speak? Maybe it's because she already knows what I'm going to say.

"Okay."

Don't worry, she says. Maybe I did think too much. I was right about one thing, though—her name was Allyson, not Vegetarian. I anticipated awkward moments in the future, but I suppose that with our polar opposites, we just may be able to balance the chaos that is nature.



Untitled **Maria Loja**

Away washed the anger
With the passing rain
Leaving me
With a deeper pain

They told me to leave
The curses
The grief
"Don't hold on too long
Or you won't find relief"

I picked myself up
Went back to the place
Where we first met
Face to face

I thought I would make it
I know that I tried
But the moment I came home
I sat down and cried

A woman divided
Jekyll and Hyde
An emotional cocktail
Feeling empty inside
Tears, guilt, pain...
Wondering
Why'd...
I have to learn this lesson
Right here
Right now

And I cannot help but wonder...
How
Long will it take us to make amends
To come to terms
For us to be "friends"

The memories mock me
They stab me inside
How quickly it seems
The euphoria died

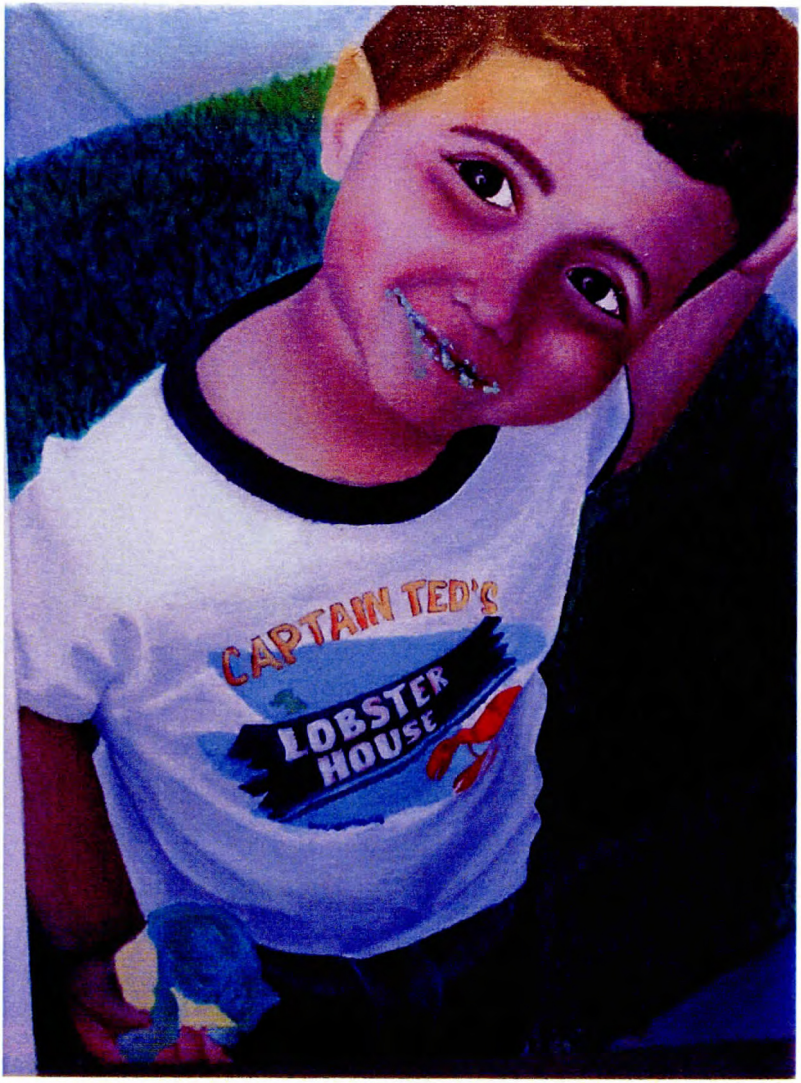
Now wanting peace to be restored
I know the antidote
Comes only from the Lord

In this moment
I promise
I make a vow
I will cherish the lesson
In this
Somehow

I won't hold it against you
I won't harden my heart
I won't carry it with me
I Let the pain depart

With the first rays of the sun
And the dawn of the day
The light of God
Will pave your way…
As well as mine

But until that desired time
I kneel down and fervently pray
That God's strength will be with us
Come what may



Aiden **Erica Espinoza**

You betrayed
Lied
Abused
Defied

All that was sacred to me
Friendship
Trust
Honesty

Smashed into a million pieces
Piercing
The core of my soul

While you walked your path of "self-discovery"
You crossed my lines
Entered my realm
Pulled me along – because I was young
And gullible
My weakness made you "strong"

But you were wrong
If you thought you'd have your way
Then turn and move on suddenly one day
Without a price to pay

Take your words
Take your smile
Take your lies
Your stories of "travesty and trials"

I don't need them
I'm walking on
Pero, "cuídate"
For this time I'm reborn

No longer do I journey alone
Lost, weak, unknown…
Today, tomorrow, and all days new
I walk with my Savior,
Who proves Himself through and through…

Now confident and beautiful,
Strong in all I do
With wisdom and purpose
Many dreams to pursue
I'm a warrior in the armor of the One who made me new.

Untitled

Belle Buurchild

Dans ma cellule

Pour une fleur

Je donnerais un vers

Tout un poème

Pour un oixeau

Et pour la voix de ceux que j'aime

Mon don entire de poésie

Inside my cell

For a flower

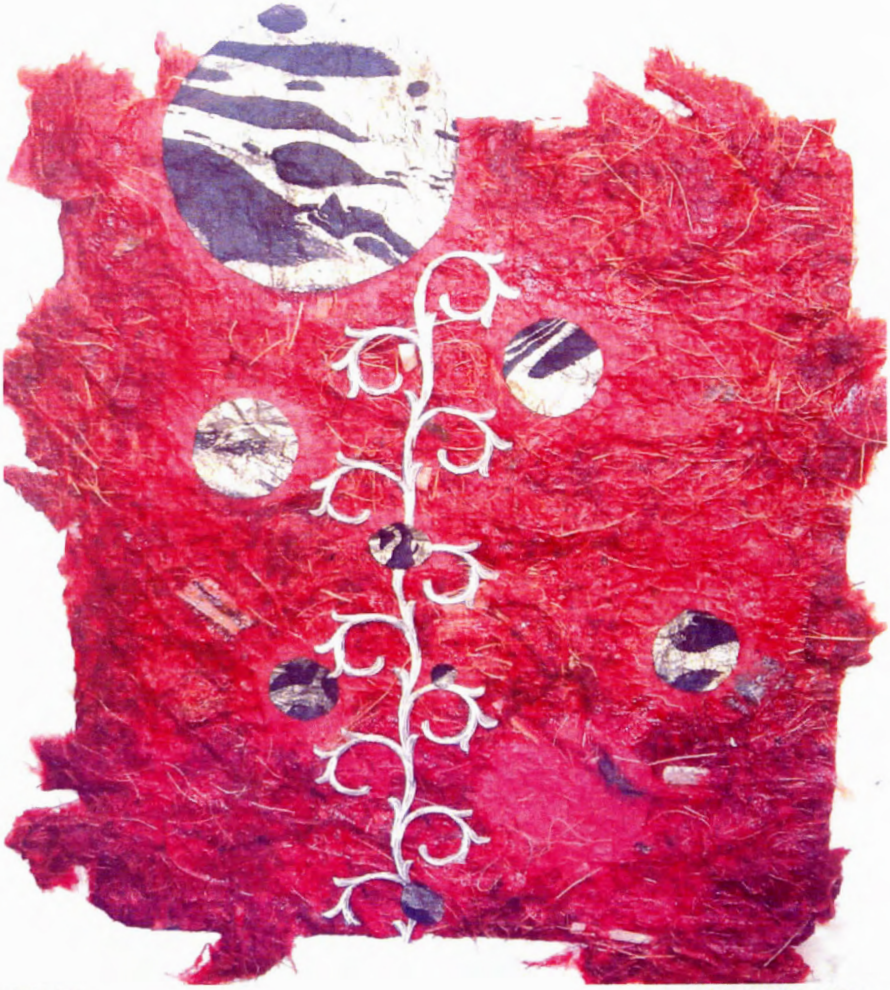
I will give one verse

An entire poem

For a bird

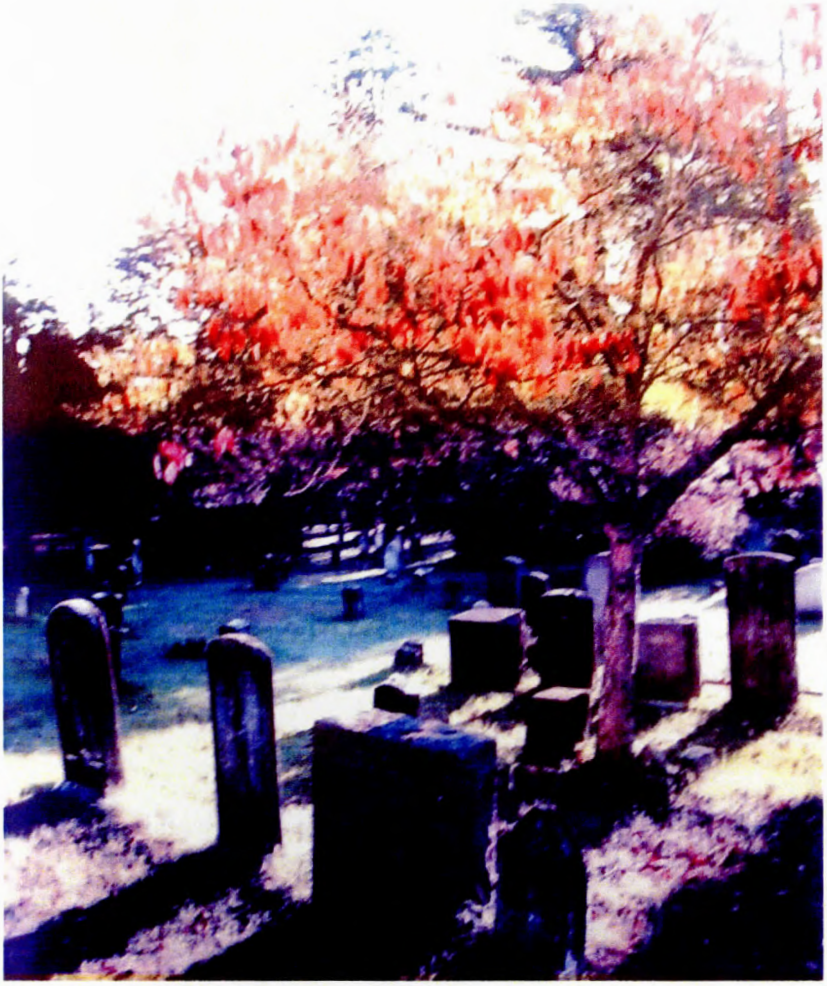
And for the voice of those that I love

I will give the entirety of a poem.



Untitled

Melanie Glass



Sleepy Hallow **Janine Napierkowski**

Fidelity Estella Ayuk